

Richie Rich is Tom Sawyer!

HARVEY

EST. 1939

The Magazine For Kids

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Lotta and Dot:
Lost in
New York!

England's
Rupert is Back!

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a Kid Who
Just Can't Stay
Out of Trouble!

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Pencil Dreams,
Nova's Ark
and so much
more!

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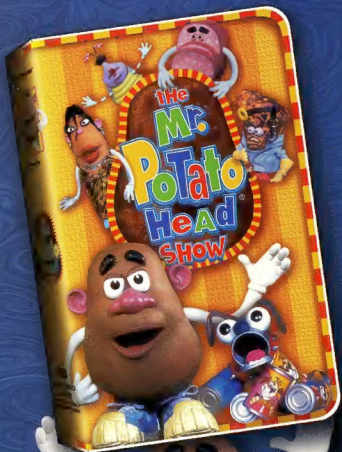
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contents \ 'kän-tents \ a list of really great stuff in this magazine



April 1999 • volume 1, issue 5

features:

Harvey Book Theater presents: *Richie Rich in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. Written by Mark Twain. Adapted by Sid Jacobson. Illustrated by Ernie Colon.5



Rupert and the Magic Chalk, by Ian Robinson. Illustrated by John Harrold. Rupert and his friends travel through mysterious Chalk Town.16

Nova's Ark, by David Kirk. Excerpt from the new book.30

Inside Out House, by Rick Geary. Mount it on a piece of posterboard and cut it out!34

A Stream...a Creek...or a Brook?, by P.G. Bradley. Illustrated by Daniel Torres. Join Billy Goslin on one of his good days!35

Max and Maxine, by Craig Shemin. Illustrated by Rick Geary. The twins turn a day at the office into tons of fun!39

Flybaby, by Ken Langridge. Illustrated by J.J. Smith-Moore. Can babies really fly?44

Audrey, Lotta and Dot in Lost in New York, by Sid Jacobson. Illustrated by Ernie Colon. The girls take a bite out of the Big Apple!46

Jackie Jokers: Live and laughing at a classroom near you.54

Pencil Dreams, by B.K. Taylor and Tex Ragsdale. Molly frets over a speech she has to give in front of her whole school.55



Page 55



Page 35

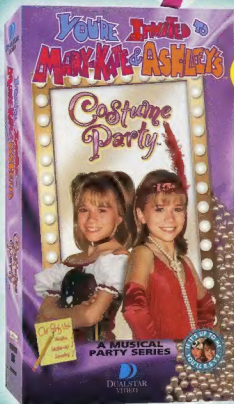
Wait, there's more....

Ducknary, 28
Look, Mom, I Made It Myself, 29
April Fools!, 38
Cool Stuff, 43
Baby Huey Contest Winners, 61
Wacky Moe the April Fool, 62

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The two wiseguys on our cover tried to pull an old April Fools' joke on the first person through the door. But it was Casper, so they didn't have a ghost of a chance.



We apologize to photographer Virginia Lee Hunter and artist Emile Colon for neglecting to credit them for their cover work on the March issue.

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THE RICH ESTATE...



OH, NO, COUSIN RICHIE! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE READING A BOOK!

"Tom!"
No answer.
"Tom!"
No--



YES, REGGIE AND ITS TERRIFIC. IT'S THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER AND ITS ONE OF MARK TWAIN'S MOST FAMOUS BOOKS.

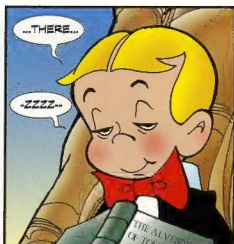
HIS REAL NAME WAS SAMUEL CLEMENS, BUT HE USED MARK TWAIN AS HIS WRITING NAME. MANY THINK HE WAS THE GREATEST OF ALL AMERICAN WRITERS. HE WROTE THIS BOOK IN '576.

...LIKE GETTING A REFILL ON THIS TRIPLE SCOOP CONE.

WHO CARES? I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING REALLY IMPORTANT...

MARK TWAIN? SURE IT'S NOT CHOO-CHOO TWAIN? HAH!

I GUESS TO EACH HIS OWN. NOW WHERE WAS I?



HARVEY BOOK THEATER

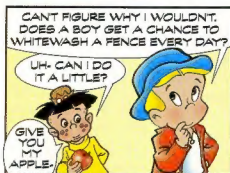


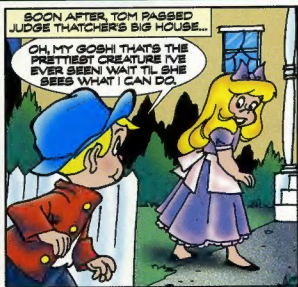
Presents
RICHIE RICH
IN
THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

RICHIE RICH as TOM SAWYER

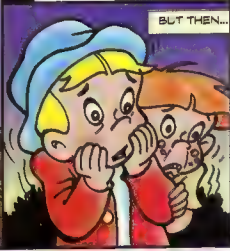


GLORIA GLAD as BECKY THATCHER
FRECKLES FRIENDLY as HUCK FINN
REGINA RICH as AUNT POLLY
RICHARD RICH SR as JUDGE THATCHER
REGGIE VAN DOUGH as SID SAWYER
MELVIN WEISENHEIMER as BEN ROGERS
JOE as HIMSELF
MUFF POTTER as HIMSELF









MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT DID YOU DO
IT FOR, POTTER?

IF I NEVER
DONES IT!

COURSE YOU
DIDI YOU WERE
TOO DRUNK
TO KNOW.

OH, YOU WONT
TELL, WILL YOU,
JOE?

BUT NEXT DAY
WHEN THE BODY
WAS FOUND...

BUT I DIDNT
DO IT, SHERIFF
TELL 'EM, JOE.

I GOT
NOTHING
TO SAY.

AS FOR THE TWO FRIGHTENED BOYS...

HUCK YOU SURE YOU CAN
KEEP QUIET AND NOT TELL
IT WAS JOE DID IT?

IT'S YOUR
KNIFE,
POTTER.

WE GOT
TO JOE
WOULDN'T
MAKE ANY
MORE OF
DROWNING
US THAN A
COUPLE OF
CATS.

NOW TELL US, TOM SAWYER,
WHAT YOU SAW IN THE
GRAVEYARD THAT NIGHT.

BUT BY THE TIME OF
MUFF POTTER'S TRIAL...

AS THE
DOCTOR
FETCHED
THE BOARD
AROUND AND
MUFF POTTER
FELL, JOE
JUMPED
WITH THE
KNIFE AND...



...BUT MUFF POTTER
WAS SAVED.



ONLY THE IDEA OF HUNTING
FOR A SURED TREASURE
EASED HIS FEARS.

I TELL YOU, HUCK,
WE'LL BE RICH WHEN
WE FIND ONE.

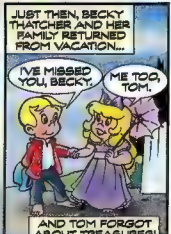
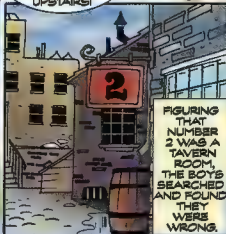
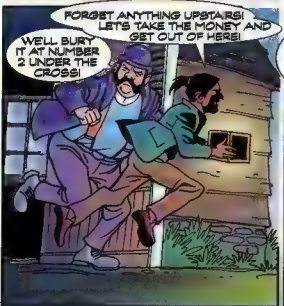
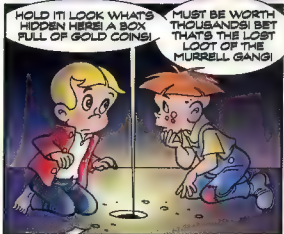
BUT WHERE,
TOM, WHERE?
IT SEEMS
WE'VE HUNTED
EVERYWHERE.



TOSsing THEIR PICK
AND SHOVEL
ASIDE, THEY
DECIDE TO CLIMB THE
STAIRS...

FIGURE THERE'LL
BE A TREASURE
UP THERE?

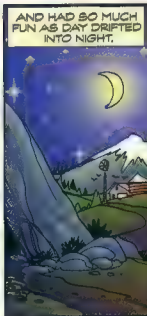
I'LL BE HAPPY IF
THERE JUST
AINT ANY
GHOSTS!

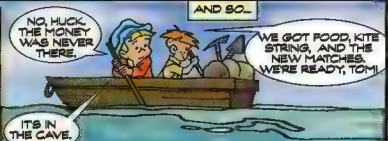
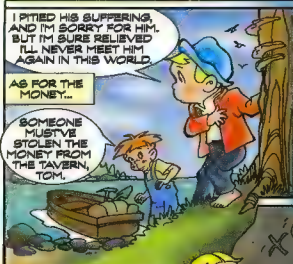
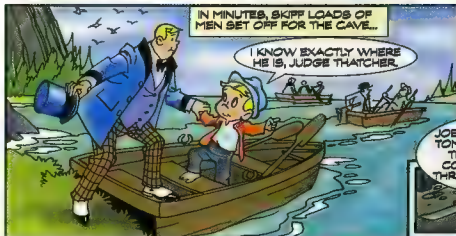
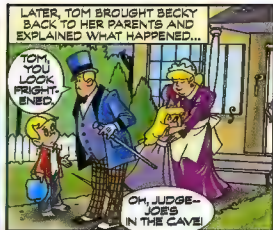


SOON THERE WAS BECKY'S PICNIC TO GO TO.



WHAT A GREAT DAY JUDGE THATCHER IS GIVING US!



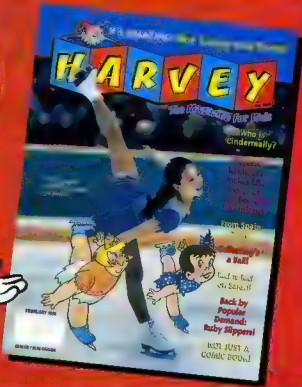


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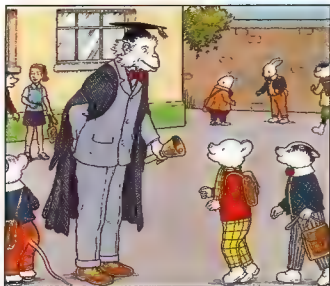
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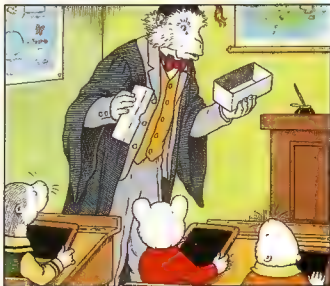
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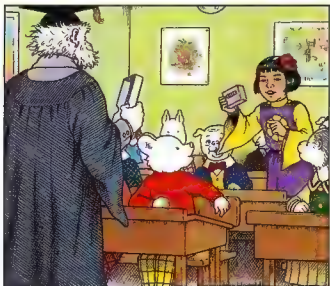
RUPERT and the Magic Chalk



*Today is the first morning when
The Nutwood chums start school again.*



*"We'll start with drawing, class. Oh, dear!
The chalk's run out—none's left in here!"*



*Then Tigertily says that she
Was given some chalk recently.*

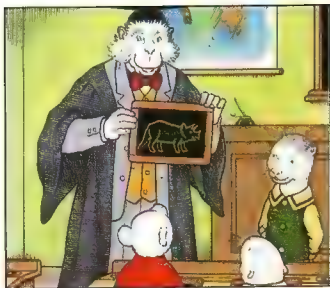


*"What nice drawings! I like them all
So much we'll hang them on the wall!"*

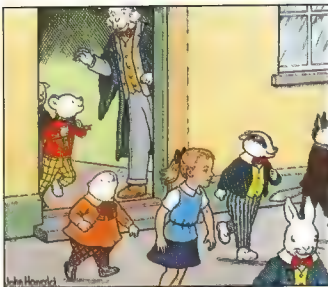
The summer holidays are over and it's the start of a new school term for Rupert and his friends. "Hello, Bill!" calls Rupert as he hurries on his way. "Everyone is very punctual this morning! I can see Bingo, the Rabbit twins, and even Podgy's arriving on time!" The playground is full of excited chums, all catching up with each other's news. "Hello, everyone!" beams

Dr. Chimp as he comes out to ring the bell. "I hope you had a good summer! It's nice to see you all again."

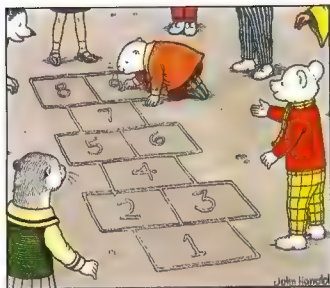
"Welcome back to school!" says Dr. Chimp. "We'll start the new term with some drawing practice. I don't mind what you decide to draw, so long as you make a good job of it!" As the pals take out their slates, he rummages behind his desk



*"A lovely drawing, Ottoline!
The best triceratops I've seen."*



*"It's break time now—then we'll talk more
About this ancient dinosaur."*



*Gregory tells the others, "There's
A game you make by drawing squares."*



*"It's called hopscotch, I'll show you how
You jump across the numbers now!"*

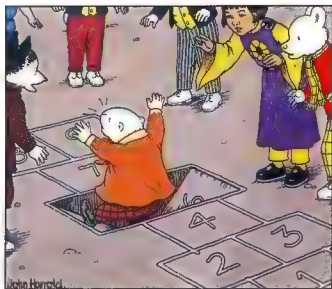
and produces a large cardboard box. "Chalk!" he smiles. "You can pass it round and each take a stick..." As he opens the box, Dr. Chimp's smile fades. "Oh, dear!" he blinks. "It's all gone! We must have run out at the end of last term!"

"I'm afraid we'll have to abandon our drawing lesson!" sighs Dr. Chimp. "Please, sir!" says Tigerlily. "I've got some chalk of my own. My father gave me a packet as a present. I'm sure there's enough to go round." "Bravo!" cries the teacher. "We can carry on drawing after all! It's very kind of you to share your present." "That's all right!" smiles Tigerlily. "It's more fun when

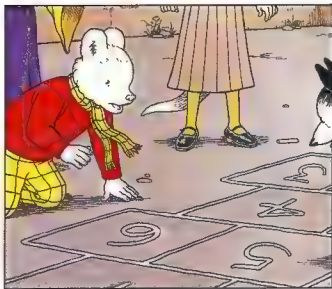
everyone does a drawing." Each of the pals takes a stick of chalk and begins to draw.

As Rupert thinks what to draw, he suddenly has a good idea... "A space rocket!" he smiles. "Just like the one I saw at the cinema!" The classroom falls silent as the pals all concentrate on their drawings. "How are you getting on?" asks Dr. Chimp. "I've finished!" cries Freddie Fox. "Me, too!" calls Bingo. "Come closer, so I can see what you've done!" says their teacher. "I say!" he cries. "They do look fine. Has everybody finished or are there any other drawings we haven't seen?"

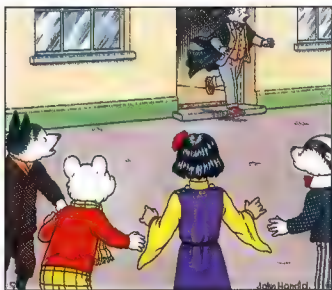
The last drawing is by Rupert's friend Ottoline.



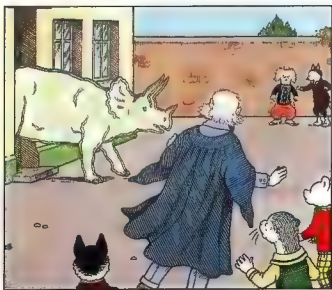
*Then, suddenly, the ground gives way—
The pals look on in shocked dismay!*



*A trap door snaps shut instantly,
Leaving no sign of Gregory.*



*"Fetch Dr. Chimp!" calls Rupert, then
Gasps in amazement once again.*



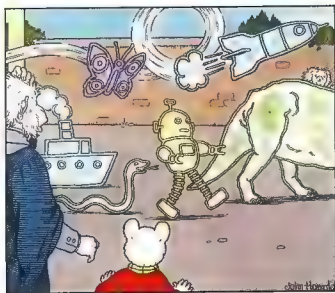
*"A dinosaur!" the teacher cries,
Unable to believe his eyes!*

"A dinosaur!" cries Dr. Chimp. "Look at this, everyone. Can you tell me what it's called?" "A triceratops!" calls Rupert. "That's right!" smiles his teacher. "It looks a bit fierce with those horns but they only ate leaves and plants." "I still wouldn't like to meet one!" blinks Gregory. "There's not much chance of that!" laughs Dr. Chimp. "They're all extinct! Break time now," he calls. "We'll talk about dinosaurs this afternoon."

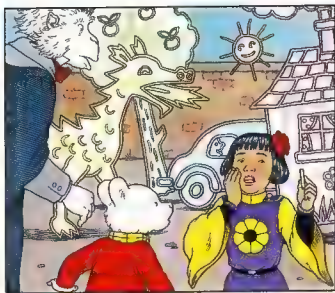
Out in the playground, Gregory tells the others that drawing with chalk has given him a good idea. "How about a game of hopscotch?" he asks. "That sounds fun!" laughs Tigerlily. "Draw out the

squares and we'll all have a go." Drawing on the ground with his stick of chalk, Gregory writes in the numbers to show everybody where to hop. "Nearly ready!" he calls as the chums gather round. "Who's going to go first?" "You!" laughs Rupert. "We'll all follow."

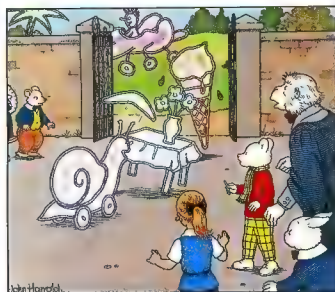
Laying his chalk to one side, Gregory stands in the first square, ready to start the game. "Hop, jump, hop, jump, hop, jump!" he calls. "Your feet mustn't touch the lines and you have to keep moving." Suddenly the guinea pig's glee gives way to a cry of dismay as a trap door swings open and sends him plummeting into a gloomy pit. "What's



"They're all our drawings!" Rupert blinks.
"Each one has come to life!" he thinks.



"Oh, no!" says Tigerlily. "My
Chalk must be magic—that is why!"



The strange procession carries on,
Then Rupert spots where it has gone!



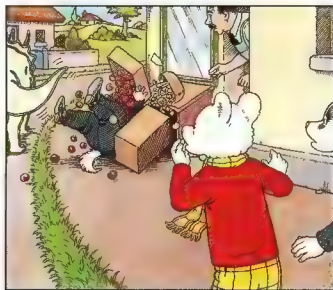
When Growler sees the dinosaur
He says that it's breaking the law!

happening?" blinks Freddy. "There wasn't a door there a moment ago!" "I know!" says Rupert and runs forward to see what's become of his chum.

To Rupert's astonishment, the mysterious door swings shut again as suddenly as it opened. "Gregory!" he calls. "Are you all right?" "He's shut in!" gasps Freddy. "The squares fit so snugly you can't even see a gap!" "We'll have to fetch Dr. Chimp!" says Rupert, but at that very moment, their teacher comes sprinting into the playground, running as fast as he can. "I wonder what's wrong?" blinks Bill. "It almost looks as though something is chasing him."

"Look out!" warns Dr. Chimp. "There's a dinosaur on the loose!" "A dinosaur?" gasps Rupert. "Why, it's Ottoline's triceratops!" "Keep back!" warns his teacher as the huge creature lumbers into the playground. "But how has my drawing come to life?" asks Ottoline. "And why has it grown so big?" Before anyone can answer, a strange procession comes following in the dinosaur's wake. "My rocket!" marvels Rupert. "All the drawings have come to life!"

As Dr. Chimp and his pupils stand gazing at the astonishing parade, Tigerlily picks up Gregory's stick of chalk and gives a cry of dismay.



*The creature knocks him off his feet,
Then lumbers on along the street.*



*Then Rupert has a good idea—
"I've got some magic chalk left here!"*



*"We'll head them off this way!" he cries.
"I want to take them by surprise."*



*The two pals reach the road once more.
"That wall's the perfect place to draw!"*

"It must be magic! My father always has some that he uses for conjuring tricks. The packets in his study must have gotten muddled up—he's given me the wrong one!" More and more chalk creations emerge from the classroom and file past Dr. Chimp. "They're escaping into Nutwood!" he gasps. "Goodness knows what they'll get up to there!"

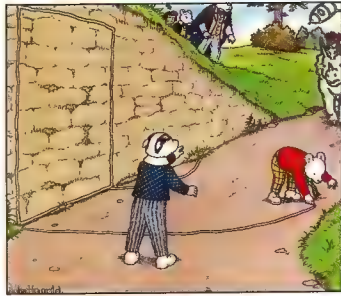
Rupert and Bill run on ahead of the others until they reach the start of the procession. P.C. Growler has already spotted the commotion and orders the triceratops to stop. "Halt, in the name of the law!" he shouts, blocking the creature's path. The

dinosaur pauses, then lowers its head and nudges Growler aside. "Now, then!" he warns. "Any of that and I'll place you under arrest!" The dinosaur lumbers forward and catches Gregory's stick, sending him sprawling.

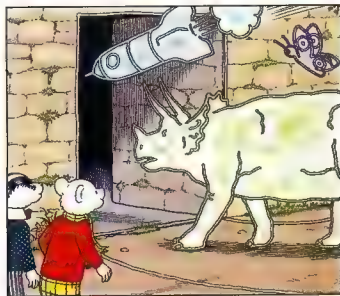
As the chums chase after the runaway creatures, Rupert suddenly has a good idea. "The chalk!" he cries. "Tigerlily gave me Gregory's stick to look after when we were standing in the playground. I think I know how we can use it to sort things out." Beckoning for Bill to follow, he leaves the path and sets off across the fields as fast as he can go. "We need to get far enough ahead of the



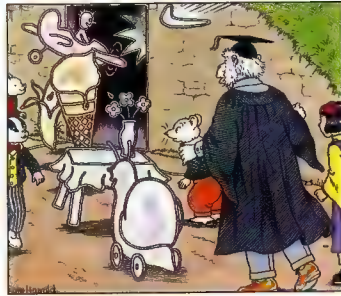
*"Another drawing?" Bill can't see
What use the magic chalk will be.*



*"Look out!" he calls. "They're on their way.
It isn't safe for us to stay!"*



*But then, the door that Rupert drew
Swings open and they all march through!*



*"How odd!" says Dr. Chimp. "I'm sure
That tunnel wasn't here before!"*

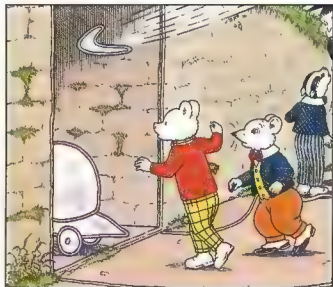
procession to prepare a surprise!" he calls. "If they see what I'm up to, the plan won't work."

Cutting across the field, Rupert joins the road again as it nears a steep bank. "Perfect!" he cries. "There will be just enough time to make another drawing before the chalk creatures arrive." "Another drawing?" blinks Bill. "I thought we had enough already!" "This one's different!" says Rupert. He draws a long straight line as high as he can, then gets Bill to lift him on to his shoulders. "It's like drawing the goalposts for a game of football in the playground!" says Bill.

When he has finished drawing on the wall,

Rupert takes the chalk and marks a pathway on the road. "Quick!" calls Bill. "The procession's nearly here." As Rupert hurries over to join him, the triceratops lumbers along the path towards the wall. To Bill's astonishment a great door swings open, revealing a long, dark tunnel. "Magic chalk!" laughs Rupert. "Magic brought the creatures into Nutwood and this way it will take them out again."

Dr. Chimp is astonished to see the chalk creatures disappearing into the secret chamber. "I didn't know there was a door there!" he blinks. "There wasn't until a few moments ago!" says Bill



*As Bill explains, the pals decide
To see if Gregory's inside.*



*"I'm coming with you!" Bill calls. "Wait!"
But then the door shuts. It's too late!*



*Inside the tunnel there's no light,
"It's like the middle of the night!"*



*The pals are left behind as they
Watch the procession speed away.*

and explains how Rupert drew it with Tigerlily's chalk. Willie Mouse joins Rupert as the last creatures enter the tunnel. "Where are they going?" he blinks. "I'm not sure," admits Rupert. "But I'm certain it's where we'll find Gregory. All we have to do is follow the procession."

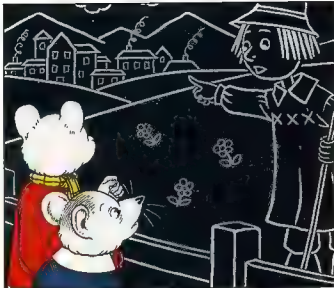
Rupert and Willie follow the chalk creatures into the tunnel only to find the door swinging shut behind them. "Wait for me!" calls Bill, but it's too late. As the door slams shut the pair are plunged into total darkness. All they can see is the outline of a chalk boomerang, spinning through the air. "Quick!" calls Rupert. "We mustn't let it out of

sight!" Hurrying forward, they find themselves back in the procession, but with no idea where the path they're following might end.

As Rupert and Willie follow the procession they find the tunnel growing wider and wider. "We've come out into a field!" blinks Rupert. The chalk creatures lumber on, then suddenly disappear over the brow of a hill. When Rupert and Willie follow, they are astonished to see a whole landscape of hills and trees. "Everything has been drawn in chalk!" cries Willie. "It's like being on a huge blackboard!" "I can see a road," says Rupert. "Let's take that road and see where it leads."



*When Rupert follows it he sees
A chalk path, drawn through hills and trees.*



*A shepherd greets the puzzled pair.
"Welcome to Chalk Town--over there."*



*The two pals reach the town, then walk
Through streets of houses drawn with chalk.*



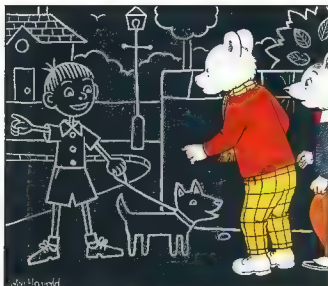
*"We're lost!" says Rupert. "I don't know
In which direction we should go!"*

The two chums follow the road, which twists and turns through blackboard fields of sheep. After a while, they spot a shepherd and stop to ask directions. "Hello!" calls Rupert. "My friend and I were wondering if you can tell us where we are? We started by following a great procession but seem to have lost our way." "I haven't seen any procession," says the shepherd. "But you're on the road to Chalk Town... those houses mark the outskirts. Keep going and you can't miss it."

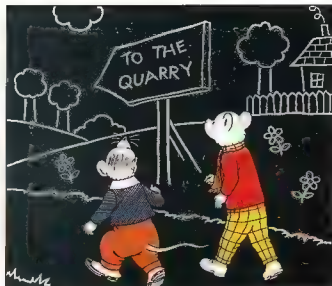
Rupert and Willie soon arrive in the middle of Chalk Town. "The houses look like drawings on a blackboard!" says Willie. "Yes!" laughs Rupert.

"Everything here looks like a drawing. I suppose it's what you'd expect in the Land of Chalk." As the pair get used to the strange surroundings, they look around for someone to ask about Gregory. "He's bound to be here somewhere!" says Willie. "I wonder?" murmurs Rupert. "So far, Chalk Town seems to be completely deserted!"

Although Chalk Town seems empty, the chums finally spot a young boy out walking his dog. "Hello!" calls Rupert. "We're looking for a friend of ours. I wonder if you've seen him." The boy listens carefully to his description of Gregory then shakes his head. "I haven't seen anyone like that!"



*A boy appears. "The quarry's where
Your chum might be. Try looking there."*



*The chums set off without delay,
Then spot a sign which points the way.*



*"Look!" Rupert marvels. All around
Are men, digging chalk from the ground.*



*The pals explain that they have come
To try to find their missing chum.*

he says, "But he might be with the others, up at the quarry." "Quarry?" blinks Rupert. "Yes," says the boy. "Where they dig for chalk. Everyone in Chalk Town works there!"

Following the boy's directions, Rupert and Willie set off along the road through Chalk Town and past a large sign which points to the quarry. Peering down, they are astonished to see a huge white gash in the hillside with teams of men chipping away at the rock. "It looks enormous!" gasps Rupert. "I wonder if Gregory is somewhere down there with them?" asks Willie. "I don't know," says Rupert. "Let's go and ask if

anyone has seen him."

Clambering down to the chalk face, Rupert and Willie look anxiously around for someone to ask about Gregory. "New recruits?" calls a man with a clipboard. "I expect you saw our advert for vacancies." "Not exactly!" explains Rupert. "We were looking for a friend of ours who might have joined you earlier." "From Chalk Town?" asks the man. "No," explains Rupert. "He lives with us in Nutwood." "Try Processing," suggests the foreman. "That's where newcomers usually start."

Inside the building, Rupert and Willie find workers from the quarry loading chalk boulders



*"Try Processing! I think they had
A new recruit—an eager lad!"*



*The workers send the chums to where
The sticks of chalk are packed. "Try there."*



*"A guinea pig? Why, yes! I'm sure
He's working in the room next door."*



*"Hello!" smiles Gregory. "What fun!
I'm sending chalk to everyone."*

into a huge machine. A tremendous clanking sound fills the air as the rocks are pounded and pummelled into dust. The men are so busy that nobody notices the chums peeping round the door. "Hello!" shouts Rupert above the noise. "We've come to look for a friend of ours called Gregory." "Try the Packing Department," suggests one of the men. "I think there's a new arrival working there."

Rupert and Willie walk towards the far end of the building, where the machine is pouring out hundreds of sticks of newly made chalk. As it tumbles down a chute, the chalk is packed into

boxes. "Is this the Packing Department?" asks Rupert. "I've come to look for a friend of mine called Gregory." "The young guinea pig who's just joined us!" smiles a man. "He's hard at work in the next building. Through that door and keep going. You're bound to see him straightaway."

As the door swings open, Rupert finally spots Gregory, sitting at a desk with a large pot of glue and a pile of labels. "Hello!" calls the little guinea pig. "Isn't this fun! I've always wondered how chalk was made. First I had a guided tour of the quarry and then they let me help in the Packing Department..." "What are you doing?" asks Willie.



*"We can't stay in Chalk Town but how
Will we get back to Nutwood now?"*



*"That box says Nutwood?" Rupert blinks.
"There must be a way back," he thinks.*



*A clerk says Dr. Chimp is due
More chalk. "He's who we send it to."*



*"You've run out? Then I think that we
Should use Express Delivery!"*

"Sticking address labels on all the boxes!" smiles Gregory. "You'd be amazed at the different places they go—all over the world!"

Rupert and Willie are glad that Gregory is safe, but can't think how to go about leaving the Land of Chalk. "I was having such fun, I never thought about that!" admits Gregory. "There must be a way out," murmurs Rupert. "After all, we found a way in." Looking around the factory, he suddenly stares at the pile of boxes. "Nutwood!" he cries. "Look, Gregory! One of the boxes is addressed to our village. All we have to do is find out how it's being sent!"

Gregory tells his chums that the clerk in charge of orders keeps them written down in a big, heavy book. "Nutwood?" he smiles when Rupert shows him the box of chalk. "That must be for Dr. Chimp! He's one of our best customers. A regular order at the start of each term." "But term has already started!" says Willie. "Dr. Chimp's run out of chalk. That's why he borrowed some from Tigerlily!" "Run out?" cries the clerk. "We'd better send this Express Delivery! Follow me."

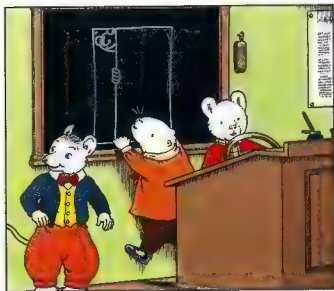
The clerk leads the chums along a dark corridor, which has a little door at the far end. "Dr. Chimp's orders normally go by post!" he says.



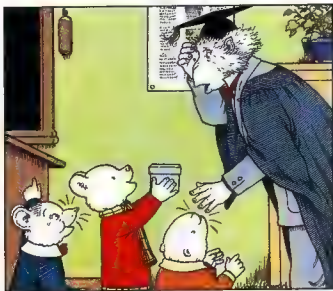
*"Wait there!" he says and starts to draw
The pals a tiny little door.*



*"You'll soon be there. It isn't far!"
He smiles and holds the door ajar.*



*The three chums are astonished when
They find they're back at school again!*



*The chums laugh as they show him how
He's got a box of new chalk now.*

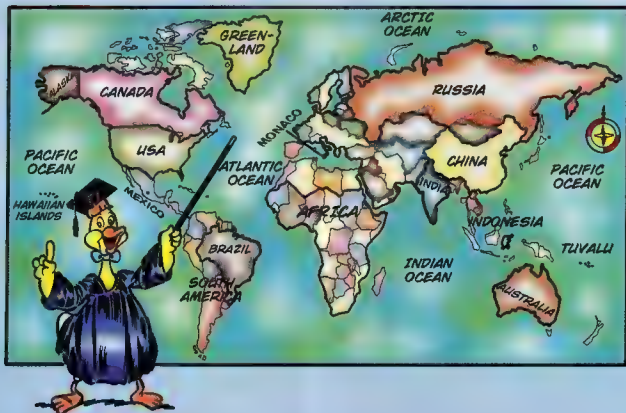
"But as things are so urgent, I think you should deliver the chalk by hand." Pulling the door open, he reveals a brightly lit room on the far side and invites the astonished pals to clamber through. "You won't have much further to go!" he promises. "Do send Dr. Chimp our apologies. I'll make sure his order is never late again!"

When Rupert and the others jump down, they are amazed to find themselves standing at the front of their classroom in Nutwood. "I told you it wasn't far!" laughs the clerk. Rupert spins round towards the blackboard, but the little door has vanished as miraculously as it first appeared. "I

don't believe it!" gasps Willie. "But we did all go to the Land of Chalk, didn't we?" says Gregory. "We certainly did!" nods Rupert. "And here's a box of chalk to prove it!"

The pals are still marvelling at their adventure when who should stride into the room, but Dr. Chimp. "Rupert! Willie!" he gasps. "You're back! And young Gregory, too. Thank goodness for that! I was sure you had all disappeared forever!" "We went to the Land of Chalk!" cries Willie. "The Land of Where?" blinks his teacher. "The Land of Chalk!" laughs Rupert. "They sent you this box by special delivery. Very special indeed...."

BABY HU'EY'S Dictionary



A lot of people know that **Russia** is the biggest country in the world, but not as many know that **Canada** is the next biggest. **China** is third and the **U.S.**, fourth. The biggest part of Russia is called **Siberia** which is really huge. But it's mostly ice and snow and cold, cold weather and, as big as it is, there aren't a lot of people living there. **China** does have a lot of people. There are nearly a billion and a half people living in China; three or four hundred million more than the population of **India** which is second in population. The **U.S.**, with about 300 million people, is a distant third, **Indonesia**, fourth and **Brazil**, fifth. Big, big Russia is huge but it's down there at sixth in population with about 150 million people.

So, those are the big countries and, like I said, a lot of people, including kids, know at least something about how big they are. Not too many know what the smallest independent countries are. That means countries who have their own governments and don't depend on other countries to run them.

Well, of the 194 independent countries in the world, the one with the smallest number of people is **Tuvalu** which is made up of a group of islands in the Pacific about half-way between **Hawaii** and **Australia** and has a population of a little over 10,000 people. What it is, is a bunch of coral reefs about one-tenth the size of **Washington, D.C.** That's awfully small as countries, cities or even attendance at a **Spice Girls'** concert go.

The world's smallest country in size is **Monaco**, in Europe. It's famous for its gambling casinos and its royal family, which once included a princess who was the American movie star, **Grace Kelly**. Monaco is not only a lot smaller than **Tuvalu** (which is a lot smaller than **Washington D.C.**), but it's smaller than **Washington D.C.'s** principal shopping mall. But the shopping mall doesn't have a royal family.

Matter of fact, my grandfather lived on **Lake George** in **New York** and that was bigger than **Monaco**! But that's another story.

Look, Mom, I made it Myself!

Katie Simmons is a second grader who lives in Los Angeles, California with her Mom and Dad. She loves baseball, swimming, climbing very high trees, and hanging out with her two dogs, Toto and Teddy. However, what she really loves to do is draw. She draws everything from fruit to animals to "hippie girls in cool clothing."

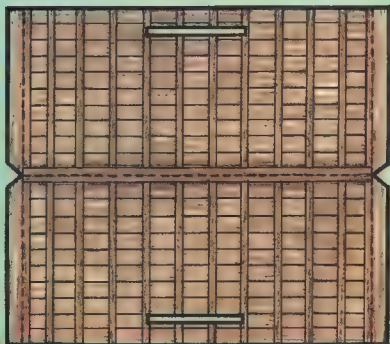
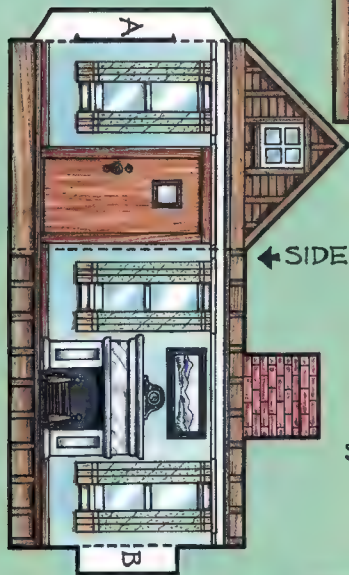


"I like to use markers, paints and especially, pastels. If you want to get purple, for instance, you put red and blue next to each other and blend them with your finger. That way you can pick what shade of purple you really want."

Most of my drawings are really serious, but one I draw is really crazy. It's a picture of a woman and her daughter. The mom is wearing a diaper and the girl has weird bangs and things coming out of her nose. Sometimes it's fun to draw things not too serious."



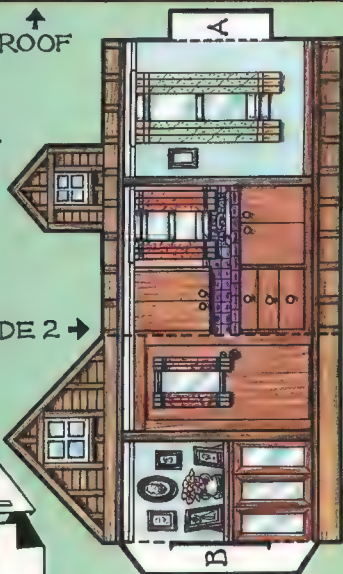
The INSIDE-OUT House



↑ ROOF

← SIDE 1

SIDE 2 →



- ♦ CUT OUT SIDES AND ROOF OF BUILDING AND CUT ALL SLOTS.
- ♦ FOLD ALL PIECES ALONG DOTTED LINES.
- ♦ INSERT TABS A & B INTO SLOTS A & B.
- ♦ ATTACH ROOF THRU SLOTS.



"A Stream... a Creek... or a Brook?"



by P.G. Bradley
Illustrated by Daniel Torres

Billy Goslin is one of those kids who's always getting into trouble. Like the time he talked Fern Dykstra's little brother Marvin into climbing a telephone pole behind the Dykstra's house and they had to call the fire department to get Marvin down. Or the time he tried that experiment with electrical currents in Mr. Appleweist's science class and burned down the science lab and the girls' bathroom, which is right next to it. Or the time — well, there were just so many times. It's not because Billy Goslin is a bad kid or something. He's not. His mom and dad say he's not. His teacher, Ms. Schultz, says he's not. Even his little brother, Alvin, who's awfully smart and never gets into trouble, says he's not. I guess Billy Goslin is just unlucky.



For example, Billy Goslin was walking home from school last year and he came to a bridge—a little wooden bridge about six feet long that crossed Stoney Brook, which is a body of water near his house. The bridge had no railing on it and sometimes the water slopped over the wooden slats and got slippery. Well, Billy Goslin slipped. I mean he really slipped. His feet went up and his head went down and he flew into the water. As he fell, he grabbed on to the side of the little wooden bridge, and that bridge, which had been sitting over that body of water since way before Billy Goslin's grandpa was born, just came tumbling down into the water with him.

So there he sat, in about eight inches of water, looking up at the sky, with a bridge on top of him.

Well, Billy Goslin was used to getting into trouble, so he just lay there and got to thinking. "Am I lying in a stream or a creek or a brook or is this a river?" Well, Billy Goslin must have been lying there for half an hour, his body in water, his head mostly out of the water, kind of resting on a stone, when who should walk by but Mr. Stanwiddle, the nature teacher at Billy Goslin's school.

He stopped and took a long look at Billy Goslin.

"Why are you lying in the water?" he asked.

"Well," Billy Goslin said, "I slipped and fell and on the way down, I must have grabbed the bridge and it came tumbling down after me. I just thought I'd lie here for a while and think."

Mr. Stanwiddle looked at him for a long time and nodded.

"Erosion," he explained, "The water has been licking at the legs of that bridge

for maybe a hundred years, and it probably washed away the earth that supported it. When you walked over it, it didn't need support, but you probably pulled it sideways and there was no dirt there to hold it."

Billy Goslin nodded, then wiped some water out of his nose.

"Can you tell me something?" he asked. "Is this a creek, a brook, a stream, or a river?"

The professor had started to leave, but now he turned back. He really enjoyed discussions and questions about nature.

"That," he said, "is a stream." "It's too long and too rapid to be a brook and too deep to be a creek and it's not big or rapid enough to be a river."

With that, he waved goodbye and turned and walked off.

Billy Goslin, still lying there with the bridge on top of him, was pleased that he now knew what body of water he was lying in. Then he slowly slid out from under the bridge.

That night, Billy Goslin's mom was real angry that he'd come home all wet. His dad kinda shrugged—that was his son Billy, all right, and his little brother Alfie just laughed.

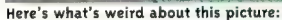
In their bedroom later that evening, after he took a hot bath and dried off, Billy Goslin turned to Alfie, "You know that bridge that fell on me today?"

"Yep," said Alfie.

"Well," said Billy Goslin, "What do you think you call the water running under it?"

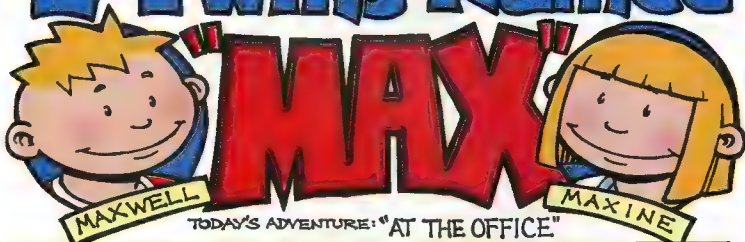


there are 12 zany things to find!



Dot's wearing glasses, Casper has one shoe, they's in the ground, foot in the attic, pigg can't fly, Wendy's broom, a hand in a hole in the door, fish in the ground, Ritchie Rich's head is full of hot air! Mayda Money on the moon, snake in hole in the sky and the weirdest thing of all is...Lotta has frog teeth!

THE COMPLETELY HOMEMADE ADVENTURES OF 2 Twins Named



TODAY'S ADVENTURE: "AT THE OFFICE"

MAX & MAXINE STARTED THE DAY WITH NOTHING AT ALL TO DO.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TODAY?

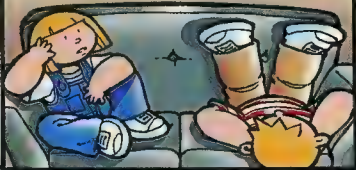
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?



TEN MINUTES LATER...

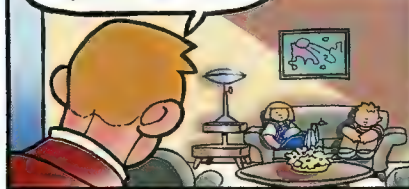
SO... WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW.

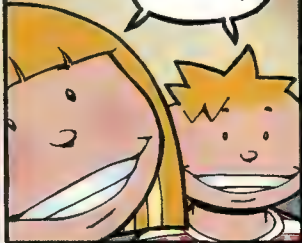


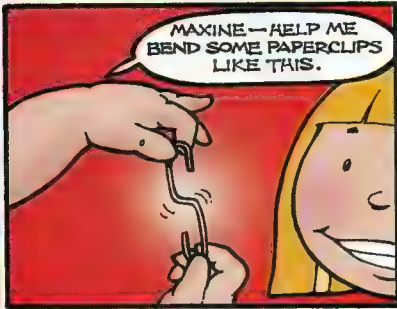
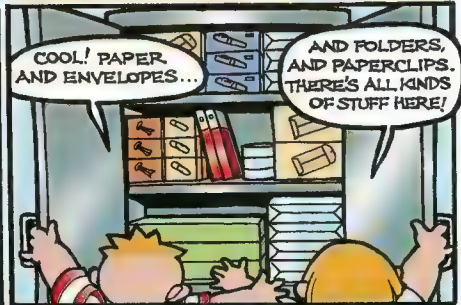
THIS WOULD HAVE GONE ON ALL DAY, BUT THEIR DAD INTERRUPTED...

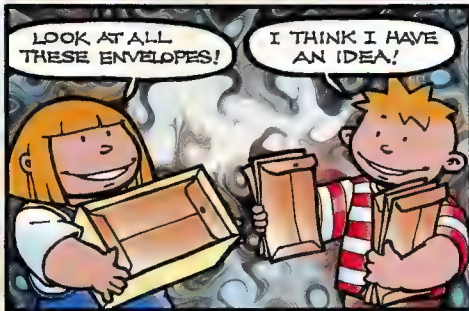
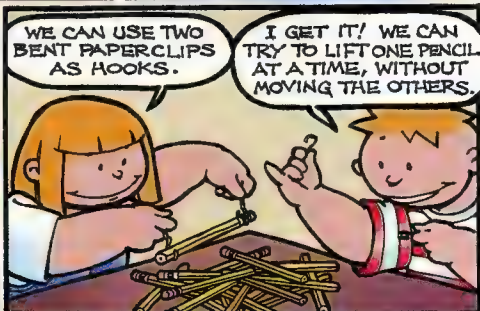
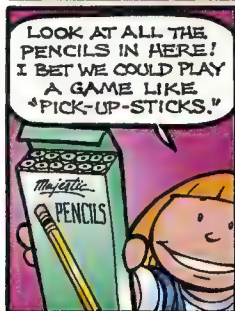
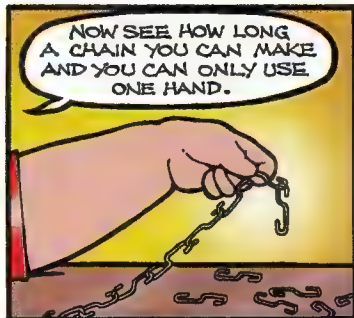
KIDS! I HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE TODAY. WANNA COME?

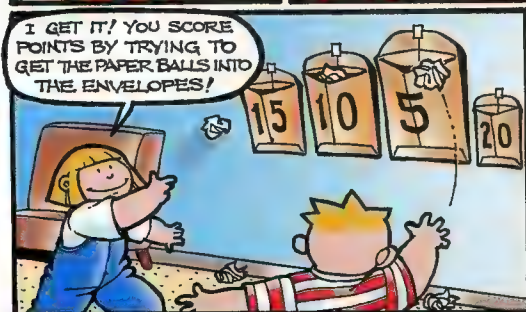
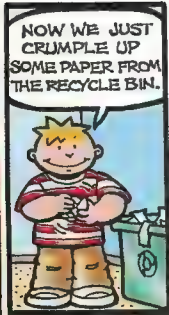
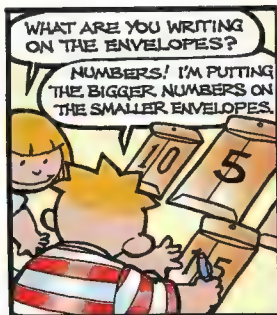


YES!!









TO MAKE THE GAMES IN THIS STORY, YOU'LL NEED...

- SEVERAL DIFFERENT-SIZED ENVELOPES.
- A MARKER.
- SCRAP PAPER.



- A BUNCH OF PENCILS.
- MASKING TAPE.

- SEVERAL DOZEN PAPERCLIPS.



(AND THESE GAMES DON'T HAVE TO BE PLAYED IN YOUR PARENT'S OFFICE.)



Jousting the Knight Away

Medieval Times is a cool dinner show that a bunch of knights and serfs and wenches put on for you in a huge arena. The audience is split up into teams and everyone roots for their knight to beat another knight in a big jousting tournament at the end. Before that you see a real falcon flying around the arena, beautiful Spanish Andalusian horses that dance and really cool special effects. But the most awesome thing was that you have to eat your dinner with your fingers! That ruled! (For ages 6 and up. For general information call (800) 828-2945)



Sean C., 9 years old
Chicago, IL

The Great Landscape!

I made a lamp! I actually made a lamp all by myself. This kit, *Landscape*, is the coolest thing! It comes with everything you need—paint, animals, and all the parts you need to make a really neat, working lamp! (Ages 6 and up. For more information call (800) 311-8684, ext. 3037, \$25)

Jennifer T., 9 years old
Canton, OH



Flower Power

Camille and the Sunflowers is about the famous artist Vincent van Gogh. Vincent moved to a small town and met a boy named Camille. He lived in a beautiful house and had at least 1,000 sunflowers—beautiful and shiny ones. When Camille visited Vincent, he brought some sunflowers and Vincent put them in a vase and painted them. That painting became one of the most famous and valuable of all time.

I liked this book because Vincent is one of my favorite painters and it showed how hard his life was. When I grow up, I will be a lot of things and one is a painter. (Barrons, \$14.95)

Kate S., 8 years old
Los Angeles, CA

Giddy-up!



When I play with my friends, I put my *Ride 'em Horse* around my waist and gallop around the house. It's so much better than my old broomstick with a horse-head on top—I don't have to hold onto anything, and I never trip on the stick. "Bronco" is really soft and cuddly and just like a real horse—sometimes I even feed him carrots. Well, he really doesn't eat much, and I finish them up for him! (For ages up to 8.) For store information call (800) 682-3427, \$35)

Liam D., 6 years old
Rochester, NY

All that Glitters, doesn't have to be Gold!



I just got some new nail polishes called *Smackers Cosmic Nails* and they're really awesome! Not only are they great colors (Grape universe is my favorite!) but when the polish dries, your fingernails smell fruity! I am saving up my allowance to get the *Smackers Cosmic Cheeks* gel. Too cool! (Bonne Bell, \$3.95)

Sally F., 10 years old
Chimayo, NM



Flybaby

I'm sure you've heard of babies who cry,
Of toddlers who toddle, and tots who wave bye
Of pee-wees who wee-wee, and tykes who wink eyes,
And infants who sleep to sweet lullabies.
But have you heard of a babe who could fly?

A story is told, though it isn't well known,
Of a child who was born but abandoned,
Nobody knew where the parents had flown,
The orphan, it seemed, was just stranded

Authorities scoured the countryside,
For the mom and the dad who were no longer there
Where they might be, not a soul could decide,
'Twas as though they had vanished into thin air.

Left behind, it seemed, on the hospital steps,
Was a well-bundled infant who smiled as he slept
So sweet, this young stranger, the nurses' hearts leapt,
The doctors consented, and there he was kept.

But this babe was different, they soon realized,
Not like the others, the nurses surmised
And the doctors on call were all quite surprised,
When out of his crib the baby did rise

In the beginning he didn't go high,
Only a little—an inch, maybe two.
And how he was doing it, nobody knew,
For no one had heard of a babe who could fly

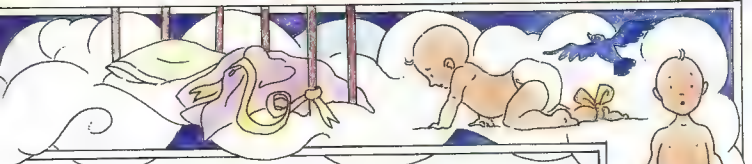
But as the days passed, the little guy grew,
And the bigger he got, the higher he flew
And soon without aid of a wing or a prayer,
The tot took to floating around in mid-air

Now, an infant who cries is commonly dealt with,
A toddler who toddles can always be knelt with,
A kid with full diapers is easily smelt with,
But a baby who floats is much harder to help with.

Pediatricians used booster chairs,
To examine the boy, as he bobbed here and there.
Nurses climbed ladders to feed the young fellow,
Candystrippers changed diapers while holding umbrellas.
Custodians nailed up a crib to the ceiling,
Doctors used stilts to see how he was feeling,
Interns on trampolines tickled his toes,
And gave him a bath with a garden hose.

But not all were pleased with the circumstance,
Of a strange flying baby appearing by chance,
On the hospital steps with no mother or father,
Or grandpa or grandma or uncle or aunt.

Some of the town folk were dreadfully hesitant,
Having the baby around as a resident
He was too weird, too different they feared,
And taking him in would set a bad precedent.



By Ken Langridge

Oh, and the problems this child might cause
What he'd run into was anyone's guess,
Would he grow claws? Would his flying break laws?
And where would he sleep—in a bed or a nest?

So, the town sought a way for their least favorite son,
To teach him that little boys ought not to fly,
And all the town experts were called in to try,
But 'twas easier said, they discovered, than done.

The experts were baffled, they'd taken their shots,
When up stepped a janitor well-versed in knots,
And delicately, as the baby arose,
Tied his crib with a string, and the string to his toes.

With a loop and a tug, and a tug on a loop,
The janitor's genius stood out from the group,
And the baby who once floated freely in air,
Was a baby who no longer flew anywhere.

With the child now firmly attached to the ground,
There was time to correct him before he'd gone wayward
The once flighty lad would at last settle down,
And learn to be normal, exactly as they were.

The town folk succeeded, just as they'd vowed,
In pulling the flying babe's head from the clouds.
But more than a tether now kept the boy bound,
'Twas a young heart grown heavy that weighted him down.

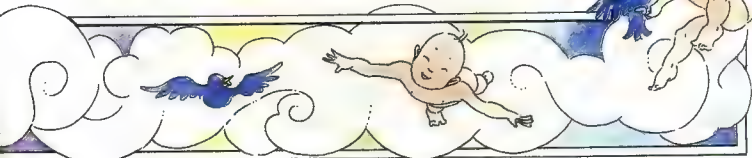
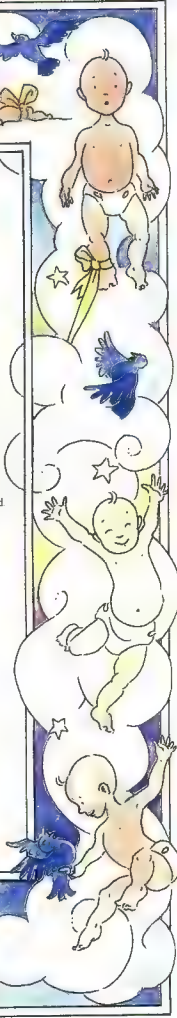
The baby who'd giggled and soared overhead,
While other tots wiggled and rocked in their beds,
Forgot about flying and learned how to crawl,
And soon he was normal, just like one and all

The town then resumed its customary ways,
Living uneventful weeks filled with ordinary days,
Till one night occurred a simple twist of fate,
When someone left a nursery window open by mistake.

It wasn't until sunrise when the error was discovered,
And all the nurses ran to where the baby once had hovered.
There they saw his tether in the early light of dawn,
But the little crib was empty, and the toddler was gone

Only if someone had looked up that night,
Perhaps they'd have seen in the fading moonlight,
Three shadowed figures that flew through the sky,
Heading for home, as one waved goodbye

Nothing again would truly excite,
The town that a flybaby took to new heights
Yes, he was different, yes, he was strange,
And yes, they would miss him,
All the same.



Little Audrey, Lotta and Dot

in

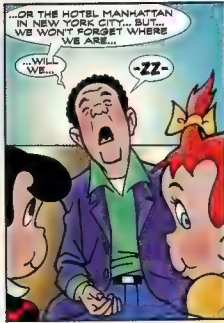
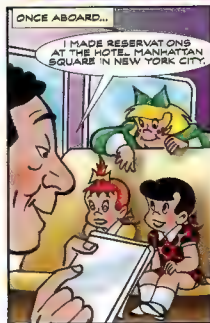
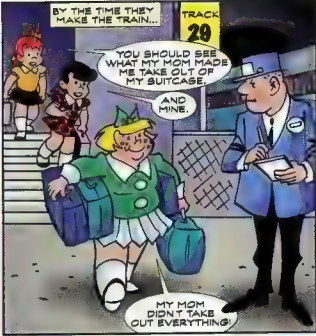
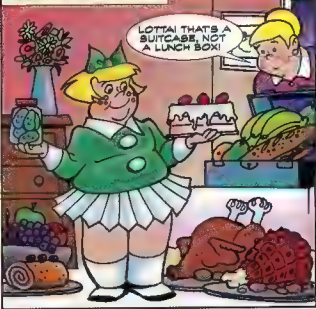
LOST IN NEW YORK CITY



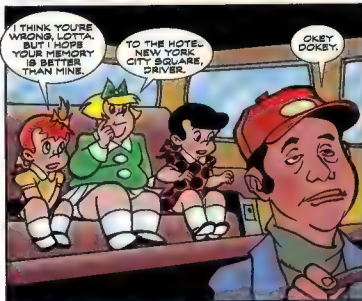
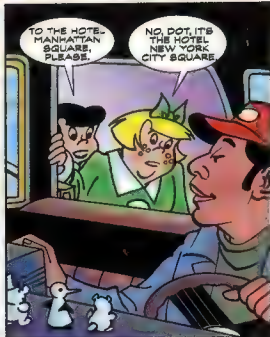
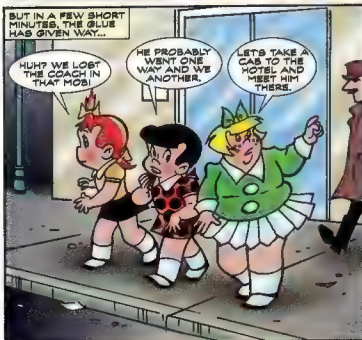
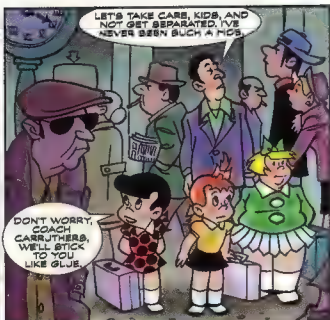
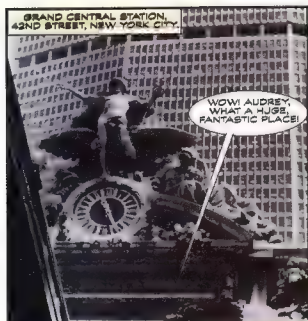
THE GIRLS BEGIN PACKING IMMEDIATELY.



...AND PACK THE THINGS MOST IMPORTANT TO EACH.



Did you know that an airplane once crashed into the Empire State Building between the 79th and 80th floors? It happened in July of 1945.

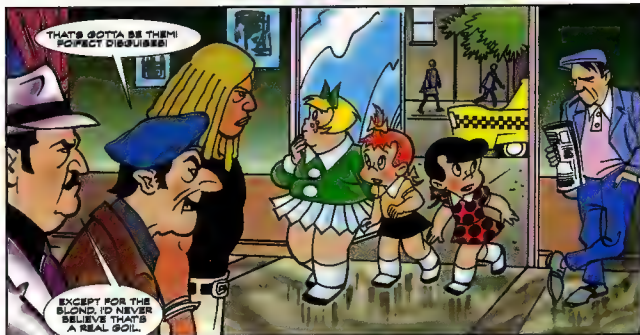
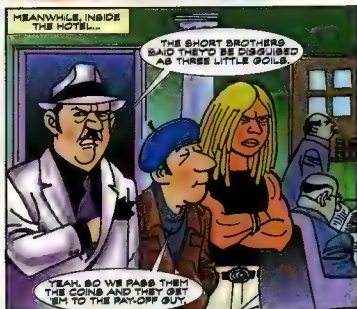
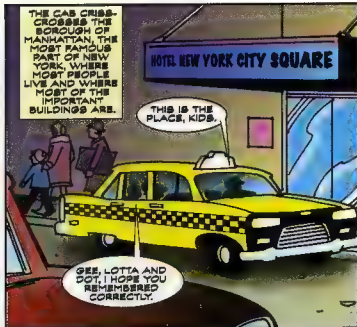




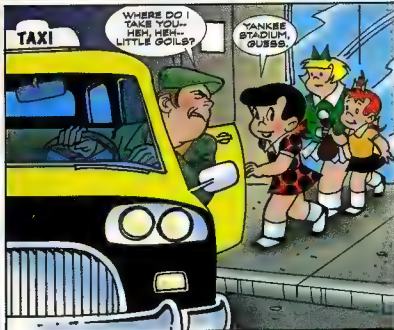
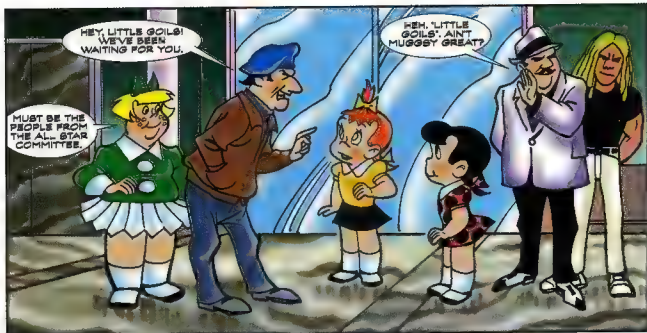
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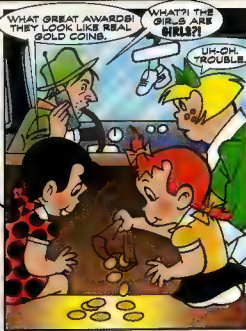
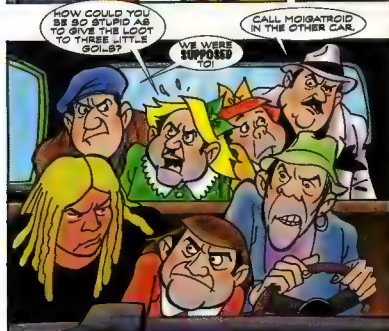
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| 8001 | 16 Grand Central Terminal | 79 International Life Building | 8007 |
| 8 New York Public Library and | 17 Zoo and Buildings | 80 Madison Square Park | 8008 |
| 9 Bryant Park | 18 Chrysler Building | 81 Future Building | 8009 |
| 10 Rockefeller Center | 19 Empire State Building | 82 General Electric | 8010 |
| 11 42nd Street | 20 General Assembly and | 83 General Electric | 8011 |
| 12 Central Park | 21 General Assembly and | 84 General Electric | 8012 |
| 13 New York City Hall | 22 General Assembly and | 85 General Electric | 8013 |
| 14 City Hall | 23 General Assembly and | 86 General Electric | 8014 |
| 15 City Hall | 24 General Assembly and | 87 General Electric | 8015 |
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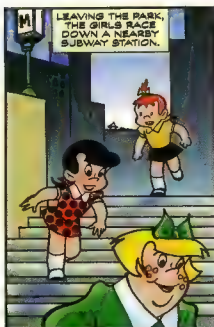
POINTS OF INTEREST - NYC



The city we now call New York City used to have a different name. It was called New Amsterdam.







LEAVING THE PARK,
THE GIRLS RACE
DOWN A NEARBY
SUBWAY STATION.



WITH MURBATROID
AT HER HEELS...



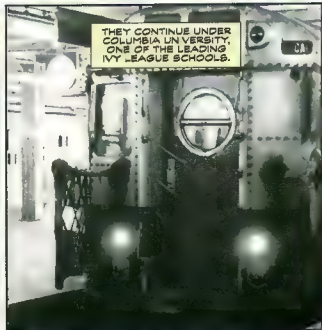
...AND MUSSY
AND HIS COHORTS
AT HIS HEELS.

CEL PHONES
SURE
ARE GREAT
INVENTIONS.

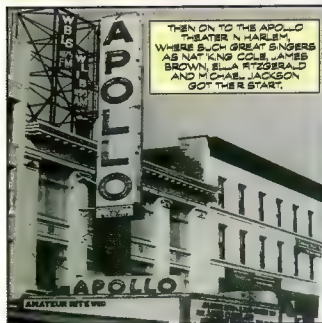


THE TRAINS PASS UNDER
THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY, ONE OF THE
WORLD'S GREAT MUSEUMS.

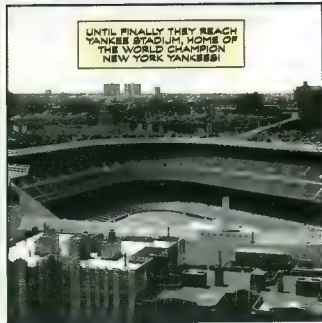
WITH SEVEN (COUNT THEM) SEVEN
REAL DINOSAUR SKELETONS!



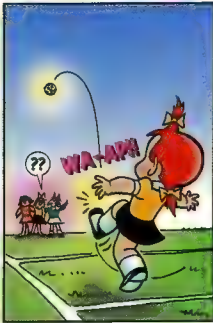
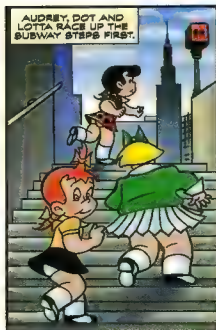
THEY CONTINUE UNDER
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
ONE OF THE LEADING
IVY LEAGUE SCHOOLS.



THEN ON TO THE APOLLO
THEATER IN HARLEM,
WHERE SUCH GREAT SINGERS
AS NAT KING COLE, JAMES
BROWN, ELIZA FITZGERALD
AND MICHAEL JACKSON
GOT THEIR START.



UNTIL FINALLY THEY REACH
YANKEE STADIUM, HOME OF
THE WORLD CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES!



Now in Your Classroom, direct from the Club Ha-Ha, Jackie Jokers

HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY LITTLE BROTHER? MY LITTLE BROTHER IS SUCH A PEST THAT THE OTHER DAY MY PARENTS GAVE HIM A KEY TO THE HOUSE AND IT WAS FOR SOMEONE ELSE'S HOUSE.

HE'S SENT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE SO OFTEN HE HAS HIS OWN CHAIR.

MY BIG SISTER...MY BIG SISTER LOVES TO GAB ON THE PHONE...AND CAN SHE TALK! THE OTHER DAY SHE WAS ON ONE CALL FOR TWO HOURS...AND IT WAS THE WRONG NUMBER!

OUR DOG HAS BITTEN THE MAILMAN THREE TIMES. WE GOT OUR FIRST MAIL DELIVERY IN A WHILE YESTERDAY. ANYBODY WANT ANY 1996 CHRISTMAS CARDS?

DIDJA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE NEAR-SIGHTED TURTLE WHOSE BEST FRIEND WAS A MANHOLE COVER?

TALK ABOUT SLEEPING, MY LAZY UNCLE LIKES TO TAKE LONG NAPS...AND BETWEEN THEM HE LIKES TO TAKE SHORT NAPS.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT SOMEONE STOLE BABY HUEY'S RATTLE? THEY SUSPECT FOWL PLAY.

SO, THE DOORBELL RINGS AND THE LADY OF THE HOUSE OPENS THE DOOR AND THERE'S A HORSE STANDING THERE HOLDING A BOX OF MAGAZINES. THE WOMAN SCREAMS. "WHAT'S WRONG?" ASKS THE HORSE. "I'M ONLY HERE SELLING MAGAZINES." "WELL," SHE SAYS AS SHE CALMS DOWN. "YOU'RE A HORSE! A-A-AND YOU TALK!" "YEAH," HE EXPLAINS, "IN THIS JOB YOU HAVE TO."

MY UNCLE IS SO LAZY THAT MY PESTY BROTHER NAILED HIS SHOES TO THE FLOOR AND HE NEVER NOTICED.

GOT TO GO NOW. I'VE GOT A PHONE CALL FROM MY BIG SISTER. ACTUALLY, I GOT IT BEFORE I GOT OUT HERE BUT SHE'S STILL SAYING HELLO.



PENCIL *Dreams*

"The Big Speech"

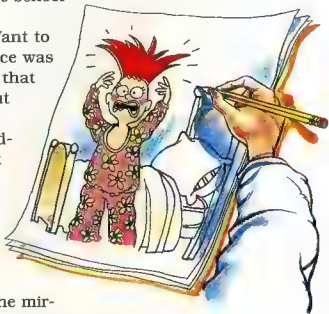
Art by B.K. Taylor • Story by B.K. Taylor and Tex Ragsdale



Like most kids her age, Molly Macintosh had some fears and insecurities. Fortunately, with her drawing ability and imagination, she often worked them out in stories. But sometimes she got a little carried away in her fantasies ... like the time when she was picked to give a speech in front of the school assembly. She dreaded it.

Molly's speech was on "What I Want to be When I Grow Up." Her first choice was to be an artist. But everyone knew that already, so she decided to talk about her second choice — an astronaut. She sat down at her desk in her bedroom, next to her dog Rockwell, but couldn't think of a thing to write. Eventually she began to doodle on the paper and went into one of her fantasies...

She imagined herself getting up late the day of the speech. She ran to the bathroom and looked in the mirror. Yikes! She had the biggest hair-bump she had ever seen! She splashed water on it, but that only made it a huge, wet hair-bump.





Her mother poked her head in. "Yow!" she said. "What's with your hair? Anyway, I wanted to tell you that I washed all your clothes this morning, but the dryer broke down. You'll have to wear your older brother's clothes."

So poor Molly dressed in Spencer's clothes. None fit, but the school bus was coming, and there was nothing else she could do. She gathered her speech notes and lunchbox and ran to the bus stop. Her mother called out: "I'm sure you'll do better than I did on my school speech. I forgot everything and stood on the stage for a half



hour, saying nothing while everyone laughed and pointed at me. But good luck on yours, honey!"

Now more nervous than ever, Molly ran to the bus stop. The school bus pulled up, unfortunately splashing her with mud.

As she got on, the driver said: "Hey, you're all muddy! Don't get that on the seat! The way you look, it's a good thing you're not giving a speech today, where you'd probably forget everything you're going to say and have to stand in front of a crowd of people who are laughing and pointing at you."

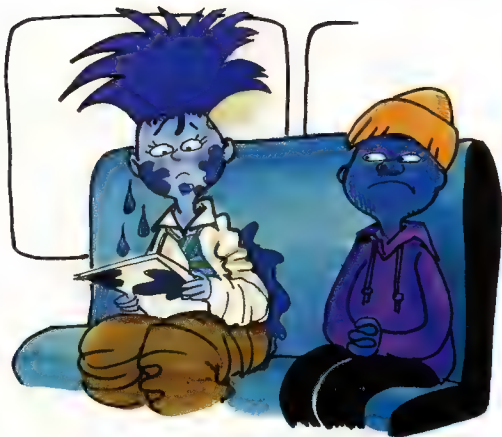
As she walked down the aisle, she heard the other kids talking about her. And because she was all muddy, no one wanted to sit next to her, except one boy who couldn't find another seat. But that didn't matter to Molly. She had more important things to worry about. She had to study her speech.



Molly quickly sat down and looked at her notes. They were covered with mud. She frantically tried to clean them off, but it was no use — they were unreadable. Just then the bus stopped at the school. She jumped off and ran for the door, where she was met by her friend, Yolanda. "What happened to you?" Yolanda asked.

Molly nervously began to ramble on: "Oh Yolanda, I got up this morning and my hair —" "Never mind about that," Yolanda said, "your speech is next!" They dashed backstage. As they passed the principal, he yelled: "Good luck, Molly! Don't let it worry you that this is only the most important speech in the history of the school! Oh, by the way — the Queen of England has flown in to hear you."

What? Molly thought. The Queen of England! Molly stood there waiting to go on, shaking like a leaf. Yolanda said, "You don't look so good. You better have a bite of my sandwich." Yolanda shoved half a sandwich into Molly's mouth, just as the principal pushed her out on stage.





There she stood at the microphone, looking out over the audience in a panic. You could hear a pin drop ... until she heard her younger brother Winston in the front row say: "That's my sister. But she doesn't always look that bad."

Molly cleared her throat and noticed the Queen sitting there impatiently. She tried to speak, but the sandwich — a peanut butter sandwich — had dried her mouth so much that nothing would come out. She reached over for a pitcher of water and drank the entire contents: glug ... glug ... gulg ... glug ... gulg ... urp! The tiny burp was magnified by the microphone and echoed through the auditorium like long drawn-out thunder: BEEEEEEEEEE-URRPPP!





She nervously glanced over at the Queen, who was frowning and looking at her watch. Suddenly a hush fell over the audience. Everybody was waiting for Molly to start talking about ... what? She couldn't remember! She looked at her notes — they were still covered with mud.

There was Winston and Spencer laughing and making faces at her. There was Yolanda, looking worried. Then she remembered. "When I grow up," Molly said into the microphone, "I want to be an astronaut."

Being an astronaut is ... uh ... um ... nice to be. It's a lot like ... being a ... astronaut." The audience was beginning to mumble and get restless.

Then she saw someone coming down the aisle toward her, smiling and waving. It was a man in a space suit — John Glenn, just returned from his trip into space! He climbed up on the stage and stood next to Molly at the microphone.

"Hello, everybody," John Glenn said. "I had to stop in because I know just what Molly is trying to say. Being an astronaut is all about teamwork, getting a good education, and having a positive attitude — just like Molly, here." All Molly could do was smile and nod her head. Wow, she thought, John Glenn, right here in our school!



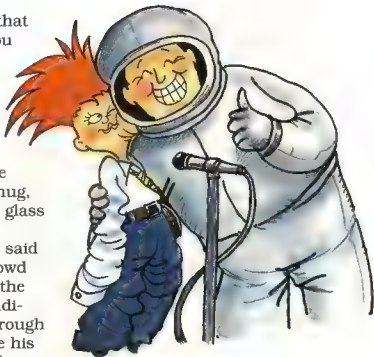
He continued: "I just know that if Molly, or any of the rest of you keep fit, study your science and math, and work really hard for what you want, you can get it. You can be whatever you want to be." "Thanks for coming and helping me out, Mr. Glenn," Molly said. "Call me John," he said and gave her a hug, smooshing her face against the glass of his helmet.

"Well, gotta go!" John Glenn said cheerfully. He waved to the crowd once more, jumped down from the stage and hurried out of the audience to a standing ovation. Through the windows everyone could see his waiting space shuttle blast off from the soccer field ... zoom around the school once ... and take off into space.

Yolanda came running up to Molly. "That was so totally cool!" said Yolanda. "Do you know what you're going to talk about now? Huh? Molly...?"

And suddenly, it was Molly's mother who was shaking her awake. She had fallen asleep over her drawing pad. "Molly," her mom said, "you still have your speech to write. Do you know what you're going to talk about?"

"Yes, Mom," said Molly confidently. "I know exactly what I want to say."



THE GREAT, FANTASTIC, AWESOME BABY HUEY CONTEST WINNERS!

In the January issue of Harvey we asked you to send in drawings of everyone's favorite duck, Baby Huey. There were so many great illustrations, it was hard to choose the winners! Congratulations to you all!



Gabrielle Nieporent, 8



Sam Hughes, 8



Latisha Slay, 8



Kanishra Flood, 11



Achille Evans, 8



Jared Greenhouse, 8



Amni Montoya, 12

Smackers has gone **COSMIC**, taking one giant step for girl-kind.

Find the star that's
exactly like this one.
Look closely because
there's only one.

See if you can find '6' Lip Smackers hidden somewhere on this page.

Unscramble these
Cosmic Smackers
RRWTSYABRE RATSS
WKII MOSKSO
NITM HOCO HPIS
NRAIMTA LWMOAL

Journey into the **GALAXY** of stores where **Smackers** are sold to
check out the **UNIVERSE** of **NEW COSMIC** products!



www.smackers.com

Microbial growth: 1. Strawberry 2. Kiwi Komos 3. Mint Choco Ship 4. Martin Mallo

We do not test on animals

NOVA'S

ARK

by David Kirk

Nova is a little robot who travels space in hopes of discovering Zyte crystals, the ultimate source of power in the universe.

With the help of robotic animals he creates, he does just that!

You probably recognize David Kirk's artwork from his *Miss Spider* books. Now, he has a new book called, *Nova's Ark*. His colorful paintings are done in a way that combines his unique style with 3-D computer imaging. Three-dimensional or 3-D art is when a flat picture gives the illusion of being lifelike: like it's popping right out at you!

Check out a few of our favorite illustrations from *Nova's Ark*. You won't believe your eyes!



From Nova's Ark by David Kirk (Scholastic Press/California). 517 515 © 1999 by Calaway 10 Kirk Company LLC. Nova's Ark and all related characters are trademarks of Calaway 10 Kirk Company LLC.



WACKY MOE THE APRIL FOOL

Here's another one of those craazy storymatics! Cut out the surrounding pictures and place them where you see fit. Don't forget to color in the black and white ones, and remember, have a wacky April Fools' Day!

It's April Fools' Day! Have you ever wondered who the actual, one-and-only

April Fool is? You may not believe it, but it's a little _____ named Wacky

Moe. He's like Santa Claus, only instead of a beard, Moe has a _____ . All year

long, Moe rides his _____ all over the world, fooling everyone.

Now, we all know that Santa Claus lives in the North Pole with his _____

but where does Wacky Moe live? In Foottown, of course! In Foottown, you can pick

a fresh _____ off any tree, but the tree might pick a _____ off of you. The

people there don't shake hands to say hello, they wave a _____ instead. They

also love to eat blue _____, and drink terribly hot _____ . And the nation

al bird of Foottown, the polka-dotted _____, likes to talk to visitors about his

favorite _____. It's a fun place to visit, but you could lose your _____ there!

You may not think that Moe has ever visited you, but look at your _____. Have

you ever put your _____ on backwards without realizing it? That's Moe. Ever tied

your _____ to a _____ by accident? Or found a _____ in the _____?

Look behind the nearest _____ because Wacky Moe is probably hiding there.

Wacky Moe's only day off is today, April Fools' Day. Why? Well, look around! Who

put the _____ on your teacher's chair? Who brought in the rubber _____?

Who did their homework with a _____ instead of a pencil? And who can make

_____ come out of their noses when they laugh? On April Fools' Day, there's

a little Wacky Moe in everyone!



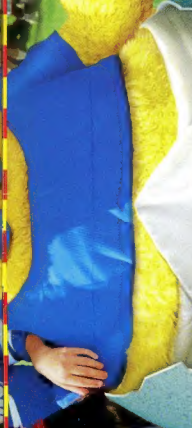


Harvey Home Entertainment

Home Video
Premiere!

Baby HUEY'S

Great Easter Adventure



On sale
March 2
where videos
are sold!

Specially marked packaging
includes a **Free** activity kit!

Bonus Baby Huey cartoon,
"Daycare Duckie," also
included!

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THE HARVEY ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY PRESENTS A HATT SIMMONS PRODUCTION "BABY HUEY'S GREAT EASTER ADVENTURE" STARRING GREGG KESSEL, HARRY KOTMAN,

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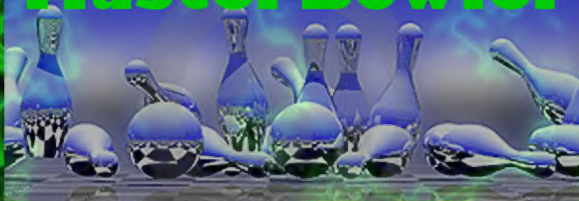
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